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Notes.

THE STORY OF "NOTES AND QUERIES."

I have often been urged by old friends and contributors to tell the story of the origin of "N. & Q.," and have as often promised to do so some day.

But when such an appeal as that of the REV. RICHARD HOOPER (*ante*, v. 459) is publicly made to me by an old friend who has been a contributor to this journal from its first appearance, and that appeal is backed by the courtesy of Dr. Doran, I feel that the day has come for the fulfilment of my promise. I feel this the more strongly because Mr. HOOPER gives me the *sole* credit of what he is pleased to call the "happy thought"; and common honesty demands that I should remove that impression, and do justice to those dear friends, now unhappily passed away, who had quite as much, if not more to do with the establishment of this journal than I feel justified in laying claim to.

But before proceeding, I must be permitted two words of warning. The first is that the idea of "N. & Q." was not an inspiration, but rather a development. It did not spring, like Minerva in full panoply, from the brain of its progenitor, but, like Topsy, it "grewed." The second, that when an old gossip of threescore and twelve is asked to narrate the circumstances of the one event of his life by which he is ever likely to be remembered—

if remembered at all—he is apt to be garrulous, more especially

"When, musing on companions gone,
He doubly feels that he's alone."

But I must tell my story in my own way if I tell it at all.

A warmer hearted man than Thomas Amyot, the secretary, friend, and biographer of Windham, never existed. Great was the encouragement and many the kindnesses which I received at his hands when I first began to dabble in literature. Fifty years ago, when I was proposing to edit the *Early Prose Romances*, he introduced me to that ripe scholar, Francis Douce, who received me with a warmth and cordiality which I could only attribute to his regard for Mr. Amyot. That warmth and cordiality never abated. The day when I entered the cell of Prospero—my older readers will remember that Mr. Douce was the Prospero of the *Bibliomania*, &c.—that library which was dukedom large enough for the most voracious *helluo librorum* that ever breathed—was a happy day for me. He encouraged me in every way: lent me books—aye, and MSS.; answered all my inquiries, poured out his stores of learning, encouraged my visits, and, only a few weeks before his death, told me that, when a young man, he, at Bindley's special request, had regularly spent one evening every week with him at Somerset House, and urged me to do him what he was pleased to call the same kindness.

But more of dear old Francis Douce elsewhere and hereafter. I will only add that it was in his charming library at Gower Street that I first met, amongst others, James Heywood Markland and the accomplished author of *The Curiosities of Literature*, Isaac D'Israeli—two ripe scholars and good men whom it is at once a pride and a pleasure to have known.

But the greatest kindness I ever received from Mr. Amyot was about the year 1837, when one evening, at the Society of Antiquaries, he led me up to a gentleman, saying, "You two should know each other, for I am sure you will be friends." The gentleman put out his hand to me with that frank courtesy which was so characteristic of him; and thus commenced an acquaintance, which soon ripened into a more than brotherly affection, between my ever-lamented friend John Bruce and myself.

What an advantage this intimacy with a man of such varied acquirements and such high intellectual and moral excellence was to me, perhaps I never fully appreciated until his sudden death in October, 1869, startled and shocked the large number of attached friends to whom his high character, talents, and kindness had endeared him, and in whose memory he still holds a foremost place.

It was in one of our pleasant gossips on books and men, and while feeling the want of some information of which we were in search, and lamenting

the difficulty of bringing such want under the notice of those who might be able to supply it, that the idea of starting a small paper with such special object was struck out. Once started, it was never lost sight of; and about the year 1841 our plan had so far been matured that some specimen pages of *The Medium*, for so our projected journal was named, were set up in type by Mr. Richards, of St. Martin's Lane, the printer for the Percy Society.

But *The Medium* was never destined to appear. The state of his wife's health compelled Mr. Bruce to reside for some years in the country; and for those years an incessant and confidential correspondence was my only compensation for the loss of those instructive interchanges of thought and talk which I had so much enjoyed.

But it may be asked why I could not as well undertake the sole management of the projected paper in 1841 as in 1849. I can only answer that the idea of taking upon myself the responsibility of conducting the proposed paper, except in conjunction with my accomplished friend, never once entered my head. The scheme had fallen to the ground, and but for an incident which I shall mention presently, I don't believe "N. & Q." would ever have appeared.

By the year 1849, when Rowland Hill's great scheme of postal reform was beginning to bear fruit, the share which I had taken in the organization of some, and in the management of others, of many "co-operative literary societies" (Camden, Percy, Shakespeare, Elfric, Granger, &c.) had so increased the number of my literary friends, that I felt I could venture to introduce to their notice a plan for turning those reforms to good account in the publication of works of interest to scholars, but not of a nature to remunerate publishers.

I need not fill space with an account of a scheme which was never carried out, but of which I may say that when I called upon John Mitchell Kemble, and we talked it over from "noon to dewy eve," he spoke in such terms of approval as surprised me; for, in his opinion, I was about to effect a revolution scarcely less important than that which had been brought about by the invention of printing; and, with his characteristic impulsive kindness, he would not let me go away without a contribution to the first number in the shape of a transcript of a small portion of an old English Metrical Chronicle from a MS. at Göttingen. The great Saxonist was at that time editing the *British and Foreign Review*, and deeply interested in the war then raging in Hungary—a map of the scene of it was spread on his table, on which the position and movements of the different armies were marked by coloured pins.

John Mitchell Kemble was not only a man of deep and varied learning, but a man of great genius and of great eloquence. I remember once visiting him at Addlestone, and walking with him

for two or three hours on Weybridge Common, while he poured out his learning on the ancient Mark, land boundaries, and land tenures, in a manner to make me regret that we had not a shorthand writer with us. He told me that he never wrote down any part of a book or essay he was going to publish until the whole was actually composed in his mind, and that the greater portion of his *Saxons in England* was actually completed in his head before a single line of it was committed to paper.

But enough for this week; for though, like honest Dogberry, I can find it in my heart to bestow all my tediousness upon my readers, I have just enough discretion left not to bestow it all at once.

WILLIAM J. THOMS.

THE "VAUX-DE-VIRE" OF OLIVER BASSELIN, THE DYER AND POET OF VIRE.

On September 24 last, a friend and myself spent a delightful day at the ancient town of Vire, in the Norman Bocage, famous since the fifteenth century for its manufactures of paper and cloths. It happened to be a great market day, and we were charmed by the picturesque sights. The booths for the sale of gay-coloured cloths; the various shapes of the women's caps, some like a jockey's, but with a bow tied behind, instead of in front, others, the *bonnet de coton*, like the Kilmarnock nightcap celebrated by Burns; the curious clock-tower over the town gate, the latter surmounted by the statue of the Virgin, and the legend "Marie protège la Ville"; the old town walls, capped at intervals by drum towers, finally dying away at the scarped rocky promontory whereon stand the remains of the keep, encircled by the little stream of the Vire, —all in turn excited our interest. Nor are the ecclesiastical remains to be passed over. The curious church of St. Thomas outside of the walls—a relic of very remote antiquity, to which tradition records a visit by Archbishop Becket—with the cathedral-like parish church of Notre Dame de Vire, and the fine modern one of St. Anne, were each carefully examined. But Vire has a wider fame from its local poet, the jolly dyer Basselin, whose *chansons*, said to have been composed early in the fifteenth century, and sung to his neighbours in his native valley, are generally reputed to have given name to the modern *vaudeville*. The site of Basselin's mill is still pointed out, at the foot of the slope below the castle. French critics have long been sceptical, not only as to the existence of the poet, but also as to the antiquity assigned to his verses. They were first collected in an authentic form by an advocate of Vire, Maistre Jean le Houx, who published them about the end of the sixteenth century, along with some of his own. The freedom of their sentiments excited the displeasure of the clergy of Vire, who

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Notes.

THE STORY OF "NOTES AND QUERIES."

(Continued from p. 2.)

The next man of letters whom I consulted was one whom I have frequently characterized, and I believe justly, as being as learned as Selden and as witty as Sydney Smith, and whose kindness exceeded, if possible, his learning and his wit—the Rev. Samuel Roffey Maitland, the author of *The Dark Ages*. He was not the librarian only, but the friend and trusted counsellor of good Archbishop Howley in perilous times. He never held a piece of church preferment in his life, but, from love of letters, gave up his own house at Gloucester, and removed himself and his extensive library to a house in London, which cost him two hundred pounds a year, in order to act as librarian at Lambeth, with an annual salary of forty pounds. Honour'd for ever be the memory of Dr. Maitland!

I spent a few hours with him at Gloucester, about a twelvemonth before his death. He was greatly altered, but his old kindness and pleasant ways were as fresh as ever. He had a folio volume before him when I went to him in his library, but my welcome was scarcely over before he took from the side of it the last "N. & Q.," and said, "Here it is, I never miss reading it."

If my readers knew the veneration in which Dr. Maitland's name is held by those who had the

good fortune to enjoy his friendship, they would pardon this digression.

But to return to my interview with him in 1849. I called upon him at Lambeth, told him what I had in contemplation, and he expressed his willingness to help me, but added, "I wish instead you would give us that little paper you once proposed, in which we could all ask and answer one another's questions." But I had forsaken my first love, and I do not think that in any of my many consultations with Mr. Bruce on the subject of my new project, it ever occurred to either of us to revive *The Medium*; so for some time I remained loyal to the Cynthia of the minute, and met the eulogiums of my learned friend on the old scheme with renewed arguments in favour of the new one. But as the discussion proceeded, Dr. Maitland produced so many cogent arguments in favour of the original *sumpsinus*, as against the new *mumpsinus*, that when I left Lambeth I was in a state of great doubt whether it would not be better, to speak after the manner of Tattersall, in the coming race for fame, to scratch the Postal Reform colt, and make the running with *Medium*.

The more I weighed what Dr. Maitland had urged, the more I seemed impressed with it; but would he who was, especially in all such matters, my guide, philosopher, and friend, Mr. Bruce, see it in the same light, and, if so, would it induce him to join with me in working out our old idea? He had returned to London, and was deeply engaged in those studies which enabled him to throw so much light upon our history from the time of Elizabeth to the Commonwealth.

When I communicated to him my conversation with the learned Librarian of Lambeth, and recapitulated all he said in favour of the *Medium*, and of its great utility to all men of letters, he admitted it as being identical with the views which he had entertained when our project was first started. But on my asking him, such being his opinion, whether he felt disposed to renew our old scheme of endeavouring to establish such a periodical, he explained, with characteristic frankness, the reasons which prevented his then engaging in any such undertaking—reasons more creditable to his nice sense of honour than convincing to my judgment. But he added that, if I thought fit to establish such a journal on my own account, he would render every assistance in his power.

This was a heavy blow and great discouragement to me; and it was not till after many further consultations with him and other literary friends that, acting on his judgment—I have no right to say in consequence of his advice—and after talking the matter over with others to whose opinions I attached great weight, I determined to take upon myself the risk and responsibility of starting "the little paper" in which literary men could ask and answer one another's questions.

While maturing my plans, it suddenly occurred to me that my projected weekly paper might be regarded in a light which I had never thought of, namely, as in opposition to *The Athenæum*, and I determined to bring the matter at once fully and frankly before Mr. Dilke. In the year 1846, when the railroad mania was at its height, and the iron horse was trampling under foot all our ancient landmarks, and putting to flight all the relics of our early popular mythology, I had written to the editor of *The Athenæum*, suggesting what good service he might render to students of popular antiquities by consenting to open his columns to notices of old-world manners, customs, and popular superstition, before they had been all swept away. I was invited to call at Wellington Street and talk the matter over. But, instead of the editor, I was received by Mr. Dilke. The result was his ready consent to do what I had asked, on condition that all communications on the subject should be sent on to me, and that I should select for publication such portions of them as in my judgment were worthy of preservation; and the subject was brought forward in *The Athenæum* of August 26, 1846, in an article by me which I headed "Folk-Lore," a word which has become household not only here, but abroad. This was my first interview with Mr. Dilke; and if at that interview I was struck by his strong common sense, I was yet more impressed by his frankness and warm-hearted sympathy with my admiration of these old-world fancies. I afterwards communicated to the *Athenæum* the series of papers on "Shakspeare's Folk-Lore," which is reprinted in my *Three Notelets on Shakspeare*.

When in 1849 I called on Mr. Dilke and told him what I had in contemplation, and said that, having eaten his salt, I was unwilling to repay his kindness with ingratitude, and expressed my readiness to give up my project if it could by possibility affect the *Athenæum*, he spoke with his usual frankness and warm-hearted sympathy as he quieted my scruples, wished me every success, and promised any help he could give me.

How he did help with wise counsels few can have any idea. And here let me record one characteristic observation made by Mr. Dilke on the occasion to which I have been referring—a caution which I never lost sight of. He had expressed some doubts whether I might not find myself sometimes in a difficulty for want of materials. I met the objection by saying that I had so many notes and memoranda I could fall back upon, I had no fears on that score. "But remember," was the sensible and friendly reply, "you may form a very correct judgment of what your correspondents write, but not be so good a judge of what you write yourself."

How he enriched the pages of "N. & Q." by his contributions many of my readers know, and all may see in the two recently published volumes

entitled *Papers of a Critic*,* containing a series of articles reprinted from the *Athenæum*, &c., articles which, for minute criticism and careful patient investigation into obscure points of literary history and biography, may have been equalled, but assuredly have never been surpassed. And most certainly there is one thing known only to myself—the deep respect and affection with which I regarded that good and wise man—a respect and affection which it is my boast that he cordially returned.

WILLIAM J. THOMS.

(To be continued.)

[It will not be out of place here to say that a correspondent writes to ask us if there is any hope of the readers of "N. & Q." having the benefit of perusing some of that "incessant correspondence" which Mr. Thoms refers to, in his interesting "Story" (*ante*, p. 2), as having been carried on for some years between himself and the late lamented John Bruce.]

THE REV. R. S. HAWKER, OF MORWENSTOW.

(Concluded from 5th S. v. 442.)

III. *Ecclesia*, 1840.—This very choice collection of Mr. Hawker's poems seems to have been issued for the gratification of his friends at Oxford, where indeed he had acquired a poetic reputation as the author of a Newdigate prize poem. The volume, which has broad margins and blank spaces that would gratify Mr. Ruskin, is made up in part of poems selected from his former volumes, and in part of new poems. These pieces are characterized by a distinct religious sentiment, and are conceived in the highest form of poesy. It was the author's opinion that the Muse of the priest should be his Church, but it is to be regretted that his efforts in this direction were not more sustained. The sacred poems which he wrote after the publication of *Ecclesia* became largely infected with mysticism and old-world lore, and were impregnated too with views which were not strictly in keeping with the opinions of a priest of the English Church. By an Exeter gentleman I have recently been favoured with the sight of a copy of the *Ecclesia*, which possesses considerable interest by reason of numerous notes, corrections, &c., in Mr. Hawker's hand, and I have been courteously permitted to make use of them. The copy was a presentation volume, and bears the inscription, "Francis Drake from his friend the Author, R. S. H." The gift

* I trust I may here be permitted to correct a slight oversight into which Sir Charles Dilke has fallen, in his interesting memoir of his grandfather (vol. i. p. 91), where he attributes to him the authorship of a paper on a "Satirical Print against Lord Bolingbroke," which appeared in "N. & Q." of Nov. 22, 1862. The oversight is easily accounted for. The article is signed by the initials of the first words of the title, a practice very common with Mr. Dilke, and from whom I copied it. The oversight pays me a compliment equally undesigned and undeserved, for I wrote the article in question, as also a further note on the same subject, which appeared in "N. & Q." of Oct. 20, 1866 (3rd S. x. 323).

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Notes.

THE STORY OF "NOTES AND QUERIES."

(Continued from p. 42.)

The month of September, 1849, was drawing to a close when I made up my mind to take upon myself the risk and responsibility of publishing a small journal devoted to the special use of literary inquirers and lovers of books, and announced my intention to those friends who I thought would be likely to avail themselves of its columns.

Though some few doubted whether my proposed undertaking would prove successful, they were, I think, unanimous in promising to support it, and nearly as unanimous in saying, "Of course, you will not think of bringing out your first number until January." But I had determined differently. I argued with Macbeth (as sometimes misquoted)—

"If it were well when it is done, then it were well
It were done quickly";

and had made up my mind that the new journal should make its first appearance on the first Saturday in November. There were to my mind three good reasons for this. One was the fact that October, November, and December were months of comparative leisure with me, affording me more time to nurse my bantling. The second was that the literary year really commences in November, when the publishing season begins, the learned societies

resume their meetings, the professional men are back at chambers, the old-booksellers at full work, and the *habitués* of the British Museum at their wonted seats in the Reading Room. The third was that it would probably be the only new claimant to public favour which would appear in November, whereas in January it might be only one of twenty competitors.

There wanted but five weeks to November, and there were as many important points to be settled before the paper could appear. What was to be its form; what its price; who was to print it; who publish it; what was it to be called? Four of these were soon settled. Such of my readers as remember the *Somerset House Gazette*, published by Pine under the pseudonym of Ephraim Hardcastle, will recognize the prototype of the present paper. As I wanted a good circulation, I fixed upon a low price—threepence. I could not find better printers than Messrs. Spottiswoode with their excellent staff of readers, nor a worthier publisher than my friend Mr. George Bell, then of No. 186, Fleet Street. These four points were readily disposed of. Not so the fifth—what was the new journal to be called? Unlike one's material offspring, which require to be born before they can be named, the offspring of the brain must be named before it is born, and a well-chosen name conduces materially to its safe and prosperous entrance into life; and if a good name in man and woman be the very jewel of their souls, assuredly a well-chosen name is essential to the success of a new periodical. Who could believe that if our great, good-natured popular satirist had come forward as the *London Charivari* it would have taken public opinion by storm, as it did when it invited the listening world to give ear to the familiar voice of *Punch*? Who can doubt that the wisdom and far-sightedness of John Walter in abandoning its original title, the *Universal Register*, has contributed in no small degree to the world-wide influence and reputation which the *Times* now enjoys?

As this was my opinion in 1849, it will readily be believed that the choice of a name for my new journal was a matter of much thought and consideration.

Some short time since, having occasion to refer to that most graceful piece of humour by Hookham Frere, *The Monks and the Giants*, the thought occurred to me how far the following passage may have suggested to Hood the title of one of the most popular of his comic miscellanies:—

"Poets consume exciseable commodities,
They raise the nation's spirit when victorious;
They drive an export trade in *whims* and *oddities*,
Making our commerce and revenue glorious."

It is scarcely probable that Hood had never enjoyed the wit and humour of *The Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work*, but I

can well believe that the identity between this passage in Frere and the title of Hood's *Whims and Oddities* is a mere coincidence. So with regard to the passage in the letter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth to Dr. Darwin, "Here is a *note and query* for you," quoted from the *Memoirs of R. L. Edgeworth* by Mr. HOOKER, at p. 459 of the last volume; it is a coincidence, and a curious one, but nothing more. I never saw the book to my knowledge, and I can assure my friend Mr. HOOKER I was not indebted to it in the slightest degree for the title which I eventually determined upon. If the reader has ever had the pleasure of perusing Dr. Maitland's book on the Waldenses (and if he has not he will thank me for calling his attention to it), he will remember the doctor's inquiries into the various explanations of the origin of the name of those victims of persecution, and how, after coming to the conclusion that they were so called after the founder of their views, Peter Waldo, he proceeds to inquire why he was so called, and eventually arrives at the very obvious conclusion, the relish of which I fear I may spoil in repeating it, that he was called Peter Waldo *because his name was Peter Waldo!* So was it with the name of this journal. All sorts of titles had suggested themselves to me and been suggested to me by my friends, and an entire evening had been occupied in passing them in review, when Mr. Bruce with his characteristic practical common sense said, "But let us see what will be the chief objects of the paper; what will it mainly consist of?" "Notes and Queries" was my answer, and we cudgelled our brains to find some title which should imply as much; but in vain. On my homeward walk, however, the words "Notes and Queries" continually recurred to me, and I wrote to Bruce the next morning to say that I had made up my mind, and that I should publish on Saturday, the 3rd of November, the first number of *Notes and Queries*. I think my choice was a happy one, but that opinion was not shared by all my friends. One for whom I had the deepest regard, and in whose judgment I had great reliance, protested strongly against it, and wrote to say that he thought the idea on which the paper was founded was so good that he was about to propose to join me in the undertaking, and bring in any capital that might be required, as well as his long experience in journalism, but that the title I had given it would be fatal to its success. But after giving his arguments my best attention, I stood fast by the title I had determined upon, and on the day appointed "N. & Q." made its first appearance.

Of that first number I was and am very proud, and with good grounds. It opens with an address of which I may express my admiration, for it was written, not by the editor, but by Dr. Maitland, who had a few days previously communicated to me the happy suggestion, made by a learned lady

relative, that Capt. Cuttle's favourite maxim would be the fittest motto for "N. & Q."

This address is followed by an interesting note by Mr. Bruce "On the Place of Capture of the Duke of Monmouth," and this by one of like character, "Shakspeare and Deer Stealing," by my esteemed old friend J. Payne Collier. "Pray remember the Grotto," by the editor, was followed by a notice of "A MS. Volume of Chronicles at Reigate," from the pen of that kind and accomplished scholar, Albert Way. Mr. Dilke contributed two queries, brief yet characteristic—1. As to the age of certain newspapers; 2. with reference to a speech of Lord Chatham mentioned by Lord Brougham. Dr. Maitland contributed, in addition to the address already referred to, an article entitled "Value of a Depository for Notes: New Edition of Herbert's 'Ames.'" "A Bibliographical Project," by critical but kind-hearted Bolton Corney, and "New Facts about Lady Arabella Stuart," by poor Peter Cunningham, then the *enfant gâté* of every literary and social gathering, are the last of the signed articles.

I am sorry to say that of those signed by initials or pseudonyms I now recognize only one—that on "Dorne the Bookseller," signed W—, which was written by my learned friend the Rev. John Wilson, who afterwards succeeded Dr. Bliss as Head of St. Mary Hall. There is one small query in the number to which accident gave an importance which I little anticipated when I inserted it. Some time in the preceding month I had met that distinguished and accomplished scholar, to whom I have been indebted for many kindnesses, M. Sylvain Van de Weyer, who after speaking in very warm terms of the excellent idea of "N. & Q.," and most hopefully of the prospect of its success, asked me to insert for him a query as to the origin and meaning of the phrase, "A Flemish Account." I did so, but instead of marking it with his initials, S. V. W., I commenced a practice which I have since frequently followed when making similar inquiries for other eminent persons, that of distinguishing the article by some initials which would remind me for whom it was inserted. In this case I identified The Belgian Minister by the initials "T. B. M.," little thinking that by so doing I was misleading the world into the belief that amongst the earliest contributors to "N. & Q." was the great popular historian, Thomas Babington Macaulay.

WILLIAM J. THOMS.

(To be continued.)

THE CATHEDRAL OF CLOYNE.

This ancient and interesting cathedral has been two or three times mentioned lately in "N. & Q.,"*

* See pp. 181, 335, 377 of our last volume. At the first reference is a very interesting paper on the state of the cathedral in the seventeenth century.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1876.

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Notes.

THE STORY OF "NOTES AND QUERIES."

(Continued from p. 102.)

If I had good reason to be proud of the contents of my first number, I had no such justification with regard to its sale; for I do not believe more than forty copies were sold on the day of publication. At the end of a few weeks this forty was increased to six hundred; but my satisfaction at this progress was considerably damped on hearing the opinion expressed by one of great experience in journalism, that I had probably reached the limits of circulation to which "N. & Q." was likely to attain. Happily my good friend's foreboding was not realized; the sale gradually but steadily increased, as did also the number of my correspondents.

I hope I may be pardoned if I enumerate some of those who gave the new journal early and valuable support.

My old friends Bruce, Payne Collier, Bolton Corney, and Peter Cunningham contributed to my second number articles of great and varied interest; and Mr. Joseph Burt, now one of the Assistant Keepers of the Public Records, and who was for some time the active and learned secretary of the Archæological Institute, contributed some valuable "Notes on Ancient Libraries."

My old and highly esteemed friend Edward Foss, the author of *The Lives of the Judges*—a

man as warm-hearted as he was shrewd and intelligent, and he was eminently both—invited information respecting Sir William Skipwith, King's Justiciary in Ireland in the time of Edward III. Those who only knew Mr. Foss in his character as a lawyer, or as the author of that vast storehouse of legal history and biography with which his name is identified, in which he sacrificed everything to strict accuracy, and made no attempt to relieve the dryness of his subject by the introduction of irrelevant matter, can form little idea how great was his appreciation of humour, how much he possessed, how deeply music affected him, and how passionate was his enjoyment of Shakspeare and the Elizabethan dramatists. This was shown by his first literary effort, a small volume entitled *The Beauties of Massinger*, published about the year 1810.

This number contained also a letter from the Rev. C. F. Secretan, inquiring where he could consult a copy of the works of San Carlo Borromeo, there not being at that time a copy in the library of the British Museum. His object was, I believe, to see what light those writings might throw upon the history of Sunday Schools, of which Borromeo was the founder, long before Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, introduced them into this country. The Rev. Mr. HOOPER, in the article which called forth these papers, spoke of Mr. Secretan, and most justly, as my "excellent son-in-law." He was not so at that time; and did not become so till nine years later; and nine years after that his most useful and exemplary life came to an end. I use the epithet "exemplary" advisedly; for as he was a most affectionate and devoted husband and father, so was he no less earnest and untiring in his character as a parish priest; and on the day which saw him laid to his rest, in the quiet churchyard of Longdon, in Worcestershire, to the deep regret, not only of his new parishioners, but of many of his brother clergy, to whom he had endeared himself during his brief sojourn among them,—that same day one who had long known and esteemed him, the present Bishop of Lincoln, preached the funeral sermon of Charles Frederick Secretan in the church of Holy Trinity, Westminster, to a large congregation of those whom his zeal, piety, and eloquence had gathered under its roof during his twelve years' charge of that newly formed district.

Among the writers in this number who signed their names with initials, I recognize those of two gentlemen whom I could not claim as personal friends, but knew from their high reputation as local antiquaries: I allude to Mr. Carthew, of East Dereham, and Mr. Brooke, of Ufford.

My third number opened with a quaint article on "Travelling in England," the history of which, from the Creation to the present time, the writer divided into "four periods, those of no coaches,

slow coaches, fast coaches, and railroads," from one of the most learned pens that ever wrote in "N. & Q." I need scarcely name the writer. This pleasant paper was followed by one on "Sanuto's *Doges of Venice*," in the introduction to which the writer, that profound antiquary and accomplished palæographer, Sir Frederic Madden, Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, expressed his goodwill towards "N. & Q.," and his anxiety to promote its welfare; and this was no mere profession. For years I never hesitated to ask him for advice, or for any of that information with which his mind was overflowing, and always received from him the most courteous and cordial assistance; and though on one occasion I was compelled, by what I believe to be an act of justice, to adopt a line of conduct which greatly displeased him, and which he resented, it did not alter my regard for him or my admiration of his learning. This was the only estrangement between any old friend and myself which, in the course of the two and twenty years which I managed this journal, that management gave rise to. I was the better able to bear his coolness because I knew that what was not in a great degree the result of his state of health was owing to pressure put upon him; and I felt sure that time would heal the wound. It did so; and, long before his lamented death, I had the satisfaction of knowing I had regained my old place in his personal regard.

My older readers will remember that "N. & Q." was the first journal which opened its columns to a record of photographic discovery and progress—a step which was not universally approved. Among my warmest supporters in this matter was Sir Frederic Madden.

My friend Dr. Diamond, whose characteristic it is to carry into any investigation, scientific or antiquarian, which he may be pursuing, as much intelligence as energy, had recognized the value of the Collodion process, and speedily contributed largely to its improvement. He was, I believe, the first to take a negative and print from it a positive copy of an old MS. I remember well his sending me two small specimens of photographic copies of early manuscripts; and I can never forget the delight and admiration expressed by Sir Frederic as he examined them, and saw every line, letter, and contraction copied with a truthfulness no human hand could approach, and learned that, the negative once accurately taken, copies of it might be produced in any number. It was only consistent with his love of truth in all things that the worthy Keeper of the MSS. should encourage the efforts of "N. & Q." to promote an art calculated to be of such service to archaeology in all its branches, and to prove a source of delight to thousands. I remember, soon after "N. & Q." was started, the Rev. John Hunter, the learned historian of Hallamshire and com-

mentator on Shakspeare, congratulating me on being entitled to the prize which Alexander the Great had offered for the discovery of a new pleasure; and soon after the publication of full instructions for the successful practice of the art of photography in these columns, the good Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Vowler Short, paid me the same compliment nearly in the same words, adding that I was a public benefactor in publishing such a source of innocent and instructive amusement for the use of those who might have the good sense to avail themselves of it. Before leaving this subject, I must express my conviction that some of the simple processes discovered and published by Dr. Diamond in "N. & Q." have never been surpassed and rarely equalled; and that my worthy friend's services to the art have never yet been sufficiently recognized.

The Rev. Alfred Gatty, the editor of the new edition of Hunter's *Hallamshire*, contributed to this number a series of interesting "Letters from Lord Nelson's brother, written immediately after the Battle of Trafalgar," and the late learned librarian of the Chetham Library some valuable notes on "*Herbert's Ames*"; while the number, which showed a decided increase in the list of contributors under initials and pseudonyms, was prefaced by a table of contents, which had been suggested by several correspondents, who had also urged the necessity of a good index. But I must postpone for the present what I have to say on the subject of our indexes.

WILLIAM J. THOMS.

(To be continued.)

THE "THIRD NOBILITY" ROLL OF ARMS.

The writ dated Dec. 29, 1299, summoning a Parliament to assemble at London on March 6, 1300 (*Parliamentary Writs*, vol. i. p. 82), comprises the names of ten earls—exclusive of the Earl of Cornwall, to whom it is addressed—and ninety-nine barons. In the Roll of Arms now printed (which otherwise corresponds with that writ) four of these barons do not appear, namely, William le Latimer, senior, between Nos. 18 and 19; John de Mohun, between Nos. 23 and 24; Adam de Welles, between Nos. 55 and 56; and Theobald de Verdun, senior, between Nos. 98 and 99. I have already commented on such omissions in other of these Rolls—see *ante*, in introductory remarks on "Second Nobility" Roll. That each of these records may be complete in itself, and furnish an independent account of the arms in the respective Parliaments, the coats already described (and for that reason not repeated by Sir Edward Dering) have been brought forward from the Rolls previously published, the blazon being placed within brackets. In giving references to the places from which the blazon thus brought forward is derived, letters of the alphabet from A

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877.

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Notes.

THE STORY OF "NOTES AND QUERIES."

(Continued from 5th S. vi. 222.)

Every week added new and distinguished names to the list of avowed contributors, while others no less able preferred to identify their communications by pseudonyms or initials only. Thus, in the fourth number, appeared articles from the pens of Mr. Edward Hawkins, Mr. Singer, and the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott.

It was my privilege to be acquainted for many years with the learned, frank, outspoken, and straightforward Keeper of the Antiquities in the British Museum, who was possessed of a great variety of information on matters totally distinct from the department over which he presided with so much advantage. For instance, no man in England had so thorough an acquaintance with the history of caricature in this country; and his collection of the works of our caricaturists was the most complete that had ever been formed. Many a pleasant morning have I passed in examining that collection; and it was my good fortune on one occasion to discover the point of a small satirical print in his possession, which had baffled the inquiries not only of Mr. Hawkins himself, but of the late Mr. John Wilson Croker and Lord Holland. The print I allude to is that described in the Third Series of "N. & Q.," vol. ii. p. 401, and vol. x. p. 323. My success in

this respect led him to challenge me to make further inquiries of a similar character, when baffled in his endeavours to discover and make a note of the point of any caricature; for his collection was not only systematically catalogued, but carefully annotated, as all who had occasion to avail themselves of the liberality with which he placed his portfolios at the service of his literary friends will testify. Mr. Wright, in his *England under the House of Hanover*, has paid a grateful tribute to Mr. Hawkins for the kindness with which he placed his large collections at his service.

Upon the death of Mr. Hawkins the Trustees of the British Museum became the purchasers of his caricatures, and I may here record an act of great liberality on the part of Mr. Hawkins's representatives which deserves to be made known. All those who have paid any attention to this class of satirical works must have experienced the difficulty of arranging them in chronological order from the grossness and indecency by which many of them are disfigured, and are compelled, if they desire to make their collections complete, to keep separately the most objectionable ones. Mr. Hawkins adopted this very proper course; a separate portfolio contained those caricatures which were most offensive, but many of which were among the most valuable (historically) in his collection. Some two or three years after it had been deposited in the Museum, I fancied I had found a clue to one of these objectionable caricatures relating to a distinguished personage, and on my next visit to the British Museum visited the Print Room for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not I was right. To my surprise the print was not to be found. Mr. Reid had never seen it, and it was not until he had referred to Mr. Hawkins's MS. catalogue, and found it duly recorded there, that he was satisfied that I had seen it in Mr. Hawkins's possession. Two or three other references to the catalogue for prints of a similar character soon established the fact that the portion of Mr. Hawkins's collection to which they belonged had never reached the Museum. The fact was the portfolio containing them, having been kept separately from the rest, had been overlooked by the family, who, on being applied to, most handsomely handed it over to the Museum, although it had never been seen by the gentleman who valued the collection, and who must have added a considerable sum to the estimated value if it had been submitted to his inspection.

The name of Samuel Weller Singer had for some years ceased to figure in literary journals, until Mr. Singer was induced to emerge from his pleasant library at Mickleham, and give the world, in "N. & Q.," some of the fruits of his long literary leisure; for, as he told me some weeks afterwards, when I met him at the publisher's, "N. & Q." had served to call him into a new

literary existence. Mr. Singer's *History of Playing Cards*, and many carefully superintended and well annotated editions of our older poets, had long before established his reputation as a scholar and an antiquary. But a glance at the titles of some thirty or forty various articles contributed by Mr. Singer to the first and second volumes—including, as they do, papers on curious points of Anglo-Saxon and early Teutonic literature, on Spanish literature, on Ulrich von Hutten and the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, on Early English writers, popular antiquities, and passages in Shakspeare—shows that the writer's learning was as accurate as it was varied, and proves how important an addition he was to the list of contributors. I had met him originally at Mr. Douce's, but since the death of my old friend, whose fortune Mr. Singer inherited, I had never seen him, and it was a very agreeable surprise to me when I found I had been the means of securing to the public some of the results of his long and well-directed studies. I am inclined to believe that had it not been for "N. & Q." the lovers of Shakspeare would never have seen Mr. Singer's most valuable edition of their favourite poet.

WILLIAM J. THOMS.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST PUBLIC MEETING.

In Buckle's *History of Civilization* (vol. i. p. 394) I find it asserted that "in 1769 there was held the first public meeting ever assembled in England, the first in which it was attempted to enlighten Englishmen respecting their political rights." It is no doubt true that this form of political agitation became very common during the unpopular Grafton administration; but the assertion that public meetings date their origin from this period is surely altogether wrong, and an example of that intense hostility to the *laudator temporis acti* which on more than one occasion has led the accomplished author astray. I am inclined to think that a little research would afford proof that at no period of English history were political meetings absolutely unknown. But the public meeting in its modern form is unquestionably the birth of that memorable period of civil dudgeon which ushered in the civil wars. Every reader of the literature of that time will be familiar with the meetings for addressing the king or petitioning Parliament, held throughout the country in 1641-2, which appear to have differed but little from those of the present day, except that it was customary for every person present to sign the petition or resolutions. And these assemblies were declared legal. Clarendon expressly mentions that, owing to the attempted suppression of a meeting in Southwark (1641) by the Under Sheriff of Surrey, the House ordered that no proceedings were to be taken "upon any inquisition that might concern

any persons who met together to subscribe a petition to be preferred to that House" (*Commons Journals*, Dec. 13, 1641). "After this," says Clarendon, "all obstacles of the law were removed, and the people taught a way to assemble together in how tumultuous a manner soever" (*History*, ed. Oxford, 1807, vol. ii. p. 525). The extent to which this was carried is well illustrated in the *Memoirs of Nehemiah Wallington*, particularly in the chapter "Of Petitions and the Manner of their Coming." The Parliament, however, afterwards discouraged the practice, for the fifth head of the "Declaration of the Army," sent from St. Albans in June, 1647, begins, "We desire that the right and freedom of the People to represent to the Parliament, by way of humble petition, their Grievances, may be cleared and vindicated"; and in the *New Chains Discovered* (1648) of Col. Lilburne, it is alleged that the House had given "private orders for seizing upon citizens and soldiers at their meetings," which he resents as "the bitter fruit of the vilest and basest bondage that ever English men groan'd under." It is worth notice that there is no allusion to the right of meeting in the proposed Republican constitution, entitled the "Petition of Advice," from which I infer that at this period the right was no longer a matter of dispute.

One of the first acts passed after the Restoration (13 Car. II. cap. v.) was directed against "tumultuous and disorderly preparing petitions," and the preamble somewhat naively refers to them as "having been a great means of the late unhappy confusions and calamities of this nation." By this Act it was made necessary to obtain the consent of three justices of the peace for any petition to which it was proposed to obtain upwards of twenty signatures. A glance, however, at a file of newspapers of the first half of the last century, will show that this law did not prevent the holding of meetings to petition Parliament upon any subject which greatly agitated the public mind—notably the Excise Bill, and the laws relating to the woollen trade.

With these precedents at hand, not dug up from musty archives, but lying, as it were, upon the surface, it is difficult to account for Mr. Buckle's statement.

There are other assertions in the same chapter which also require revision. In the summary view of the state of literature, it is said that reviews were unknown before the accession of George II., the fact being that at least three journals of this description were published during the reign of William III.

C. ELIOT BROWNE.

NIAM-NIAM FOLK-LORE.

The enclosed leaves from a note-book may be acceptable at this Christmastide :—

Another edition : "Edita est ad latus dextrum versio hispanica ; ad lævum, versio barbaro-græca. Constantinopoli, 1547, fol."

Plantavin (Jo. de). *Florilegium biblicum, et Florilegium rabbinicum*. 1645, 2 vols., fol.

Prætorius (Abdias). *Commentariolus de phrasibus hebraicis, ad intelligentiam Scripturarum*. Wittebergæ, 1561, sm. 8vo.

Prophetæ priores, scilicet Josua, Judices, libri Samuelis Regum, cum commentario Kimchii, hebraice. Soncini (1485), fol.

Also, Leira, 1494, fol.

Prophetæ posteriores, scilicet Isaias, Jeremias, Ezechiel, et xii. minores cum commentario Kimchii, hebraice. Soncini, circa 1485, sm. fol.

Proverbia cum commentario Rabbi Immanuel, hebraice. Neapoli (1487), sm. fol.

Psalterium hebraicum, cum commentario Kimchii. Joseph et filium ejus Chaim Mordachai, et Ezechiam Montro. 1477, no place, sm. fol.

Also, Neapoli, 1487, sm. fol.

Weill (M. A.). *Le judaïsme, ses dogmes et sa mission*. Paris, 1866-69, 4 vols., 8vo.

Yapheth (Rabbi). *In librum psalmodum Commentarii, arabice edidit specimen Bargès*. Paris, 1846, 8vo.

HENRI GAUSSERON.

Ayr Academy.

THE STORY OF "NOTES AND QUERIES."

(Continued from 5th S. vii. 2.)

When with the New Year I resumed the story of "N. & Q.," I was obliged, from the same cause which had interrupted it two or three months before, to avail myself of other eyes and another pen. I trust I may be pardoned for this purely personal allusion, but it is necessary to explain a most extraordinary omission in my last paper—an omission of which I could not possibly have been guilty but for that circumstance. For if I myself had looked at p. 61 of that fourth number, the history of which I was there telling, a small Query, of less than five lines, modestly signed L.—the initial of the surname of the writer—would have reminded me that that was the first of a long series of communications from one of the most candid, clear-headed, and accomplished scholars of the day, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who from that 24th November, 1849, until the very Saturday which preceded his death—an event which Mr. Disraeli justly characterized as "a calamity which had befallen the nation"—continually enriched these columns with some of the fruits of his varied learning and intelligent criticism. His last paper, to which I have just referred, viz., that on "The Presidency of Deliberative Assemblies" (3rd S. iii. 281), a most valuable article on an important subject, appeared only two days before his death—a death which I felt very deeply as the loss of a most kind-hearted and distinguished friend—I must say friend, for he honoured me with many proofs of his respect and personal regard.

Few things connected with "N. & Q." have gratified me so much as its being the means of making me known to Sir G. C. Lewis, and the way it was brought about.

Calling one morning at the London Library on my old friend George Cochrane, then the librarian, and formerly editor of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, he exclaimed, as soon as I entered his little sanctum, "Oh, I wish you had come ten minutes sooner! Cornewall Lewis has just been here; we have had a long talk about you and 'N. & Q.,' and he wishes to know you." I naturally expressed myself much flattered at this; and yet more so when Cochrane continued, "What Cornewall Lewis says he means, and he left a message with me for you. He says you must often be passing the Home Office, and he hopes the very first time you do, you will call upon him"; and acting upon Cochrane's advice, I called that very morning, was instantly received by that distinguished gentleman with a frankness and kindness which were indescribably charming, and passed upwards of half an hour in most pleasant literary chit-chat; in the course of which he did not hesitate to point out, with all kindness and courtesy, some of my shortcomings as an editor, and was, I think, somewhat surprised and amused when I told him that no one was so conscious of them as I myself. Oh! I owe much to Sir G. Cornewall Lewis. Honoured be his memory!

Mentioning dear old George Cochrane reminds me that I owe to him my introduction to another valued friend to whom the readers of "N. & Q." have been greatly indebted; not only for many valuable articles, but for a suggestion which has given great and general satisfaction, namely, that of publishing at stated intervals those General Indexes which, in the words once used to me by Lord Brougham, "double the value and utility of 'N. & Q.,'" I allude to Mr. William Bernard MacCabe, the learned author of that very original and curiously interesting book, *The Catholic History of England*, and who may justly be described, in a line which I have seen applied to one of his most eminent co-religionists, as

"True to his faith, but not a slave of Rome."

I am sorry I do not see his name in "N. & Q." so frequently as I used to do.

But I must get on, or my readers will anticipate that my story, like Carové's more celebrated one, translated by Mrs. Austin, will prove to be *A Story without an End*. However, I must run that risk, and here treating of three contributors, whose names first appeared in No. 5, bring, in another part, my old man's gossip to an end with a few similar notes on No. 6.

The first of the new names which appeared in this number is that of Mr. Planché, whose well-earned reputation as one of the most graceful and sparkling of dramatic writers is only rivalled by

that which he has won for himself as a learned antiquary and an accomplished herald; and who is now, as he has long been, the delight of society, which declares of him with great truth that age has not withered nor custom staled his infinite variety. Mr. Planché's contribution was a very curious paper on "Ancient Tapestry."

The name of the venerable John Britton, who did so much good work in his day for English archæology and architecture, also graced my fifth number, to which he contributed a note showing that the date of birth of John Aubrey was the 12th of March, 1625-6, and not the 3rd of November, as had been stated by a former correspondent, who had noted that the birthday of "N. & Q." was appropriately that of the Wiltshire antiquary.

It is my happy lot to be blessed with a contented disposition; and I can sit down to a dinner of herbs without losing my equanimity, though I can relish and enjoy—no one more so—a well-served, round-table dinner of half-a-dozen intelligent men, of each of whom, as of Chaucer's Oxford Scholar, it can be said, "Full gladly would he learn and gladly teach." I look upon such a meeting as one of the highest intellectual enjoyments. It was at such a feast of reason, at which I was present, about thirty years since, and which I shall never forget, that I made the acquaintance of him of whom I am about to speak. My host was that model of official accuracy and great master of his own peculiar branch of knowledge—my late excellent friend, Sir Charles Young, Garter. It took place in his official residence in the Herald's College, and the party consisted of Garter himself, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, the learned Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, my friend Bruce, a young friend of our host's, and a gentleman whom I then met for the first time. He was a Kentish clergyman, a ripe classical scholar, a profound antiquary, and a polished man of the world. On that night commenced an acquaintance between myself and the Rev. Lambert B. Larking (for he was the stranger in question), which soon grew into intimacy, and ripened into the warmest attachment, which ceased only with the death of one who seemed to win the affection of all with whom he came in contact. The affectionate regard in which he was held by his old friends and neighbours the late Earl of Abergavenny and his family, by Lord and Lady Falmouth, and by his friend the Marquess of Camden, who predeceased him only a few months, was shared by all the best people of his native county, to the history of which county he devoted every hour he could spare from his duties as a parish priest.

What his labours had accomplished and with what skill they had been carried out may be seen in the brief but touching memoir of my old friend which Sir Thomas D. Hardy contributed to the

Archæologia Cantiana, which is only rivalled by the eloquent testimony borne to his high personal character and rare attainments by Mr. Bruce in the preface to Manningham's *Diary*, printed for the Camden Society. Not until after his death did his admirable edition of *The Domesday of Kent* make its appearance, and show those who did not know Lambert B. Larking what a loss Kent had sustained in the founder of the Kent Archæological Society. His contribution to my fifth number was connected with the MSS. of Sir Roger Twysden, and although he was not a very frequent correspondent, "N. & Q." benefited greatly by the instructive private letters which I continually received from him.

Mr. Larking died on Sunday, the 2nd of August, 1868, and the reader will readily imagine the pain with which I heard of his death when I say that, not being aware of his illness, Mr. Bruce and myself had arranged to give him an agreeable surprise by running down to Ryarsh on the Saturday and having a gossip and luncheon with him, and returning home together. Happily an accident prevented our intrusion at such a sad moment; and we learned in a day or two that this good man and great scholar had sunk to his rest.

WILLIAM J. THOMS.

(To be continued.)

SHAKSPEARIANA.

THE "BUSIE LEST" CRUX (5th S. vii. 143.)—MR. R. M. SPENCE is "surprised that no critic . . . has suggested the omission of the colon after *forget*." He and every other may, for the future, assume that everything, absurd or tolerable, that can be suggested has been suggested, and this unfortunate passage may in future be held exempt from tentative surgery. The omission of the colon was suggested by the late Mr. Samuel Bailey (*The Received Text of Shakespeare*, p. 125), who enforced his suggestion by interpolating *all* after *forget*. My surprise is that either of these gentlemen should have thought so intolerable a perversion worthy of record. For my part I am convinced that argument, whether thrown away or not, would be unnecessary when once we have placed in juxtaposition the two following passages:—

"*Bel.* Oh Melancholly,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish c[r]are
Might'st easilest harbour in." *Cymbeline*, iv. 2.

"*Fer.* such basenes
Had never like Executor: I forget:
But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours,
Most busilest, when I doe it." *Tempest*, iii. 1.

If we bear in mind that *easilest* and *busilest* (as we write them) were often spelt *easilest*, *easilest*; *busilest*, *busilest*, we need have no difficulty in regarding "busie lest" as a dislocation, like "for that" (forth at) in the same play. The double

that she then encouraged Thomas Johnson, the well-known publisher of surreptitious editions, to have the play printed in 1728 at Rotterdam. As for the two later editions of 1736, it is plain that the duchess was then bitter enough against Lord Grimstou; but it is likely that she would have spent money to reprint *The Lawyer's Fortune*, when her doing so could hardly injure him, and certainly would not influence the electors?

EDWARD SOLLY.

[It may be taken as certain that the readers of "N. & Q." would be much gratified by having further opportunity of making acquaintance with other papers among the archives of Gorbamby, if it be not trespassing too much on the ever prompt kindness of the Earl of Verulam.]

BIANCHI AND ALBATI.

This mediæval sect seems not unworthy of a note. Under date 1399, in the pontificate of Boniface IX., Poggio Bracciolini says, in his *History of Florence*:—

"C'est dans ce tems là que parut en Italie la secte des Blancs, qui vêtus d'habits blancs couraient les villes en procession, hommes, femmes, enfans, avec une apparence de dévotion toute extraordinaire."—*Poggiana*, part iii. p. 58.

Dr. Lingard says:—

"They were opposed by the Pope and severely forbidden in France. Henry IV. in this Parliament issued a proclamation, with the assent of the lords spiritual and temporal, ordering that if any of them arrived in an English harbour they should not be permitted to land. It is singular that some Italian and contemporary writers should say that the founders of the sect came from England or Scotland, and that the description of them in the proclamation should be nearly the same as that of the itinerant priests in the 5th of Richard II."—*Hist. of England*, ed. 1874, vol. iii. p. 200.

The following is Fleury's description of this sect, taken from Thierri de Niem:—

"L'an dixième de Boniface vinrent d'Ecosse en Italie certains imposteurs qui portoient des croix faites de briques fort artistement arrangées, d'où ils exprimoient du sang qu'ils y avoient fait adroitement entrer. En été ils faisoient suer ces croix avec de l'huile dont ils les frottoient en dedans. Ils disoient que l'un d'eux étoit Elie le Prophète; qu'il étoit revenu du paradis, et que le monde alloit bientôt périr par un tremblement de terre. Ils parcoururent presque toute l'Italie, Rome, et sa Campagne, où ils séduisirent une infinité de monde. Ce n'étoit pas seulement le peuple, les ecclésiastiques eux-mêmes se revêtirent comme eux de sacs ou de chemises blanches, et alloient par les villes en procession, chantant de nouveaux cantiques en forme de litanies. Ces pèlerinages duroient environ treize jours, après quoi ils retournoient dans leurs maisons. Pendant leur voyage ils coudoient dans les églises, dans les monastères, dans les cimetières, faisant du dégât et de l'ordure partout où ils s'arrêtoient. Durant leurs processions et leurs stations ils se commettoient de grandes irrégularités. Jeunes, vieux, femmes, filles, garçons, tout couchoit pêle mêle dans un même lieu sans qu'on y soupçonnoit rien de mauvais. Mais un de ces faux prophètes ayant été arrêté et mis à la question, confessa son crime et fut

brûlé. Platine dit que ce fut Boniface qui fit brûler ce fanatique, mais il paroît douter que ce fût un imposteur." Fleury adds that this sect was quite the rage at Florence for some time, until the imposture was detected, when "tous ces faux pénitents perdirent si absolument leur crédit que peu de tems après leur ordre disparut et cessa entièrement" (*Hist. Eccl.*, ed. 1726, vol. xxi. p. lvi).

Mosheim says that the chief of this new sect was a certain priest, whose name is not known, and who descended from the Alps arrayed in a white garment; that Boniface IX., apprehending that this enthusiast or impostor concealed insidious and ambitious views, had him seized and committed to the flames, upon which his followers were dispersed and his sect entirely extinguished. He adds:—

"Sigonius and Platina inform us that this enthusiast came from France; that he was clothed in white, carried in his aspect the greatest modesty, and seduced prodigious numbers of people of both sexes and of all ages; that his followers (called penitents), among whom were several cardinals and priests, were clothed in white linen down to their heels, with caps which covered their whole faces except their eyes; that they went in great troops of ten, twenty, and forty thousand persons, from one city to another, calling out for mercy and singing hymns; that wherever they came they were received with great hospitality and made innumerable proselytes; that they fasted or lived upon bread and water during the time of their pilgrimage, which continued generally nine or ten days."—Mosheim, *Hist. Eccl.*, Century xv.

This sect appears to be quite distinct from the other sects which arose in the same century, and I cannot find that the members of it held heretical opinions or differed much from the itinerant friars; but probably some of your readers can tell us more about them.

S. W. T.

THE STORY OF "NOTES AND QUERIES."

(Concluded from p. 223.)

My sixth number opened with an interesting account of "Monmouth's Ash," forwarded with characteristic kindness by the late Earl of Shaftesbury, in reply to the inquiry for information on the subject made by Mr. Bruce in the opening number.

But "dear old Lord Shaftesbury," as he is still affectionately called by those who had the good fortune to serve under him, was not the first peer who contributed to "N. & Q.," although he was the first whose name appeared in its columns.

The first Noble Author—to speak after the fashion of Horace Walpole—who wrote in these columns, uniformly signed his communications with his initials only, P. C. S. S.; and the first of these was a curious note on Southey's "Doctor Dove of Doncaster and his horse Nobbs," which called forth one or two notes equally curious.

P. C. S. S. was my most kind and accomplished friend (I trust I may be permitted to call him so)

Percy Clinton Sydney-Smythe, Viscount Strangford. Most of my readers will remember that his translation of Camoens earned him a place in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*; few of them perhaps that Byron's *Hours of Idleness* contained "Stanzas to a Lady, with the Poems of Camoens," and that, as we learn from a note in the recent editions of Byron, "Lord Strangford's translation of Camoens' Amatory Verses was, with Little's Poems, a favourite study of Lord Byron's at the period."

Lord Strangford, who was Dublin Gold Medalist in 1800, was a ripe and good scholar; and in the course of his long career as a diplomatist had seen and heard so much that was noteworthy, that it is little wonder if his conversation was always full of interest and illustrated by capital anecdotes. Many and many such has it been my good fortune to hear from him in the course of the pleasant familiar chats with which he honoured me, sometimes the subject originating in a "proof" of an article for the forthcoming number of the *Quarterly*. One of his anecdotes, as showing what trifling incidents may bring about a change of fashion and taste in a whole nation, is so germane to the objects of "N. & Q." that I must, on some more fitting occasion, ask the editor to find room for it.

But from Dec. 1, 1849, to May 26, 1855, Lord Strangford was a more or less frequent contributor. Three days after the appearance of his last communication Lord Strangford was no more. His death was at once a shock and a surprise to me; for though I knew he was too unwell to be present at the great debate on Lord Grey's motion, on the 25th, respecting the Russian War—for I had had a letter from him on the subject—I little anticipated that I was to see him no more. A phrase which has been repeated over and over again during the recent discussion on the Eastern Question has continually called Lord Strangford to my remembrance, with reference to a conversation which I had with him on the state of affairs—a conversation which showed how little the most experienced of statesmen or diplomatists (for it must be remembered that Lord Strangford had been our Ambassador both at Constantinople and St. Petersburg) can forecast coming events. "Well, my lord," said I, one day, "is it to be peace or war?" "Mr. Thoms, I have had a long talk with Heytesbury this morning; and we will undertake to keep the peace of Europe for *siopence*. All that is wanted is to build a bridge for Russia to retire over." Lord Heytesbury, it will be remembered, had played as important a part as a diplomatist as Lord Strangford, and, like him, had been Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg.

But Lord Strangford's communications were not the only good service which he rendered to "N. & Q." and to myself. It was owing to his

introduction that this same number contained the first of a long series of most interesting Notes, Queries, and Replies from one of his oldest and most intimate friends; one who, like the noble lord, having won laurels at Trinity College, Dublin, added to them the highest reputation as a statesman and politician. The modest C. by which all these articles were signed told to very few that the author of them was the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker.

Mr. Croker's communications to "N. & Q." might be numbered by hundreds. I must quote from one of them in "N. & Q." of July 7, 1855, in which he bears the following tribute to the "accomplished and able nobleman" of whom I have been speaking:—

"One who has known him for fifty-eight years has a melancholy pleasure in bearing—*valent quantum*—his testimony to the extent and variety of his information—the liveliness of his fancy—the soundness of his principles—the goodness of his heart—and the private and public integrity of his long and distinguished life."

Mr. Croker is not the only kind and warm-hearted man whom it would be unjust to judge from the severity of his criticisms, and whose nature seemed to alter, the moment he took pen in hand as a public writer. His private letters, of which I have many, are admirable, kindly, full of information, and very suggestive; and in the few interviews which it was my good fortune to have with him, his conversation rivalled in interest and anecdote that of his old friend of fifty-eight years' standing.

At the last of these interviews, when I had called on him at Kensington Palace to answer, or rather to talk over with him, a literary question on which he had written to me, he was particularly cheerful and chatty; and on that occasion told me several interesting anecdotes of the Great Duke and other celebrities. The readers of the article on Mr. Croker in the *Quarterly Review* of July last will remember that Mr. Croker, in his diary, under the date Sept. 4, 1852, recording the particulars of a visit paid to him at Folkestone by the Duke, says:—

"Lady Barrow's five little girls were with us, and he won their hearts by writing his name in their albums; in the signature of one, the best written of the five, he wrote his name with a single *L*. His good humour and kindness to the children, indeed to everybody, was remarkable."

As Mr. Croker told me the story, it was this very good nature that led to the misspelling. When he wrote his name in the album of the youngest of the little girls, he, with characteristic thoughtfulness, wrote it in a large text hand. This no doubt led to the error. The young lady discovered the mistake, and said, "Why, you don't know how to spell your own name." The Duke looked at it and laughed, and said, "My dear, you take care

of that signature, for it is the only time in my life I ever made such a mistake.”*

The last communication from Mr. Croker, a query respecting Pope and Gay, appeared in “N. & Q.” of August 1, 1857. On the morning of Monday, the 10th, the post brought me an interesting letter from him in connexion with his proposed edition of Pope; and before that day had closed the long, useful, and distinguished career of Mr. Croker came to an end. He had ceased from his labours and was at rest.

Strangely enough, the only other new name in my sixth number was that of another distinguished scion of Trinity College, Dublin, the Rev. James Henthorn Todd, at that time, I believe, Senior Fellow and Regius Professor of Hebrew. He was a great friend and literary ally of Dr. Maitland, and there was much similarity between them, alike in the depth of their scholarship and their keen sense of the witty and humorous. I made Dr. Todd's acquaintance at the meeting of the Archaeological Institute at Winchester, when it was my good fortune to make the fourth in the carriage which conveyed Drs. Maitland and Todd and that most genial of antiquaries, Charles Frederick Barnwell,† of the British Museum, to Romsey. It was a day to be remembered; and how vividly does the jotting down of this trifling incident recall to my mind those pleasant anniversaries of the Society of Antiquaries on St. George's Day, when Lord Aberdeen presided over our dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, and after dinner a Fellow, far from the least learned and accomplished of those present, used to charm us all by singing the good old song “St. George he was for England.” Though after some time Dr. Todd's communications gradually grew less frequent—probably as he became more engaged by his various duties in connexion with his college, the Irish Archaeological Society, and the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was at one time President—he never ceased to write in these columns until, on June 27, 1869, death deprived Ireland of one of her ripest scholars and most distinguished Churchmen in James Henthorn Todd, whose loss was mourned equally on both sides the channel.

And now, *manum de tabulâ*. I commenced this long story with an allusion to honest Dogberry's assurance to Leonato as to his “tediousness”; and appeal to my readers whether I have not outdone Dogberry, and bestowed upon them what the worthy constable only promised. WILLIAM J. THOMS.

[* This was a mistake of the Duke's. He had previously written his name in the visitors' book at Eton as “Wellington.” We remember directing Mr. Thoms's attention to this autograph when he and other joyous members of the Cocked Hat Club (all F.S.A.'s) went over Eton College a few years ago.]

† In “N. & Q.” 1st S. vi. 13, will be found a graceful tribute to the learning and urbanity of Mr. Barnwell from his friend and brother officer, Sir Frederic Madden.

JUDGE MORTON.—The south transept of the parish church at Packley, Oxfordshire, has, in the interior of its western wall, a mural tablet to the memory of ten persons named Morton, at dates from 1682 to 1746; while in the eastern wall of the same transept is a fine piece of sculptured marble, in *alto relievo*, by Bacon, the Royal Academician, consisting of a female figure, about five feet high, sandalled and arrayed in Grecian drapery, the right hand holding a sheathed sword, pointed downwards, the left (of which the elbow rests on a Bible) sustaining an evenly balanced pair of scales. There are annexed to this sculpture, in low relief, a lion's skin and a club, a mirror and a serpent. The brooch on the figure of Justice has, as its device, a burning lamp. There are also an urn and an heraldic shield, party per pale, but the tinctures are so faded as to be undecipherable with accuracy. The inscription runs thus:—

“Near this monument are deposited the remains of the Hon. John Morton, Chief Justice of Chester. He possessed great judgment, firmness of mind, and great integrity. Having served his country in Parliament more than thirty years, and near sixteen in a seat of justice, he expired on the 25th of July, 1780, aged 65 years.”

The space left for his wife's name, &c., has never been filled. Any information that can be given as to this John Morton, who is not mentioned by Foss, will be a favour. But now, what was the office of Chief Justice of Chester? A generation has passed away since the office was abolished (against the opinion of the venerable ex-Lord Chancellor Eldon) by the statute 1 William IV., c. 70, on July 23, 1830. I will try to explain what it was. In the reign of Henry VIII. judges were appointed to hold sessions twice every year in Wales, which was divided for that purpose into three districts of three counties each and one of four, Cheshire being for this purpose reckoned as a Welsh county and so associated with those of Denbigh, Flint, and Montgomery, each group having two permanent judges, who had not only the powers at Common Law of English judges, but an Equitable jurisdiction also during their circuits. They were not precluded from practising as barristers in England nor from sitting in Parliament, for Morton sat at different times for Abingdon and for Wigan. The appointment of Chief Justice of Chester was lucrative, for Thomas Jervis, a relative of Lord St. Vincent, the last holder, was awarded, on the abolition of the office, a quarterly pension of 1015*l.* 12*s.* WILLIAM WING.
Steeple Aston, Oxford.

“TRAVAIL”: “TRAVEL.”—These two forms of the same word appear to be used indiscriminately in our printed English Bibles, except that *travel* is always used for journeying, and *travail* for childbirth. In Cruden's *Concordance*, Lond., 1858, *travail* is applied solely to childbirth, while *travel*